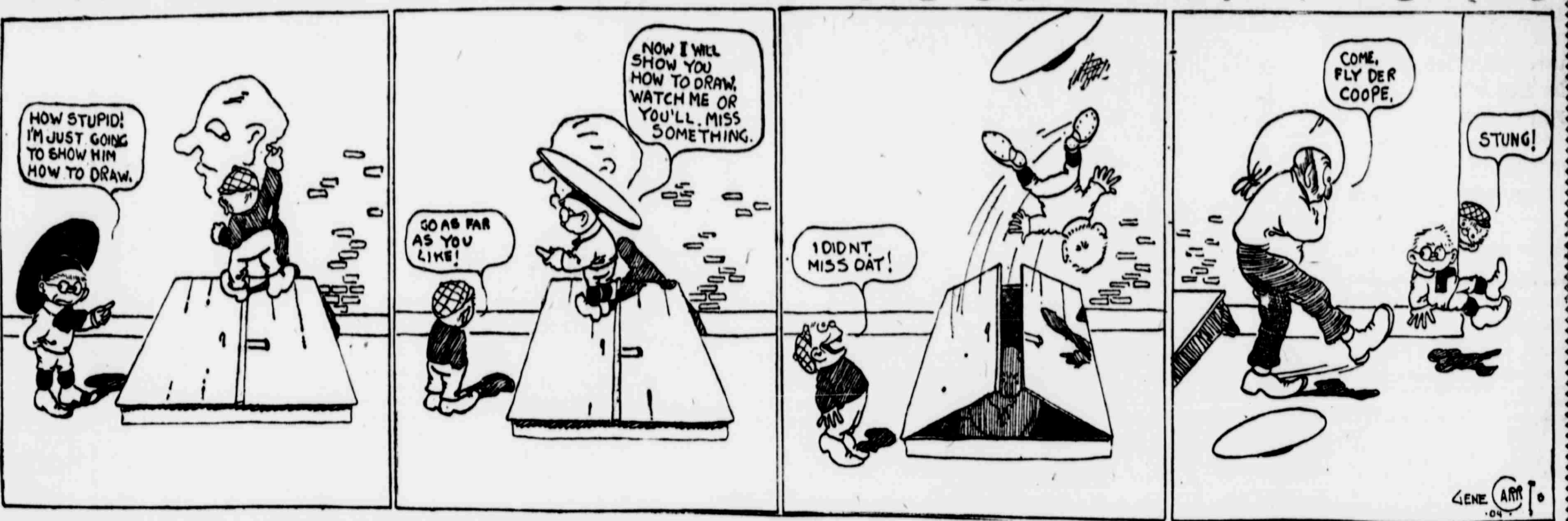
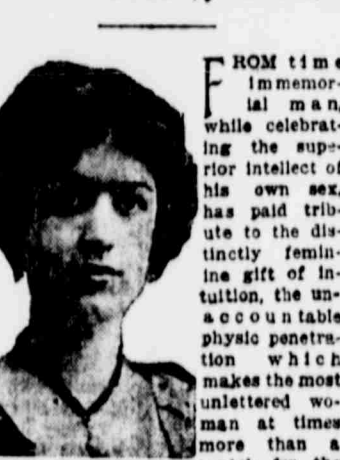


WIBBIE WISE Gene Carr's Kid with the Bulging Brow Does More Enlightening



Intuition and the New Woman.



By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

FROM time immemorial man, while celebrating the superior intellect of his own sex, has paid tribute to the distinctly feminine gift of intuition, the unaccountable psychic penetration which makes the most unlettered woman at times more than a match for the most lettered man.

But to-day, when women are striving for the intellectual laurels which in days gone by were content to view upon the rugged brows of their lords and masters, we read more of this strange gift than we hear or see of it. And the fact prompts the inquiry as to whether the new woman indeed possesses it in the same measure as her less accomplished grandmother, or whether it has always been more or less of a myth.

The other day I thought I encountered a fine example of intuition in a young woman who, though exercising a very modern profession successfully, is just about as "new" as Helen of Troy.

It was at a roof garden whither she had gone in the company of a well-known actress. A young man, an acquaintance of the latter, came up and was introduced. In the course of conversation he asked the younger woman if she, too, was on the stage. "No," she replied, "and you?" "Suppose," he suggested laughingly, "you guess what my business is."

"Very well," she acquiesced. "I should say you were a travelling salesman."

"Guessed right the very first time," was the answer. "Now, suppose you take a shot at what my line of goods is."

There was a pause of perhaps thirty seconds. Then came the answer, deliberate, tentative, amazing—"Peppin, I should say." A start from the man and a delighted gurgle from the actress proclaimed the accuracy of the guess. Now, that girl had never met the man before nor heard him mentioned.

"How on earth did you do it?" her friend asked. "You certainly have wonderful intuition."

"Intuition nonsense!" was the Sherlock Holmes reply. "Didn't you hear him tell me that he'd been in Shelbyville, Ky.?" He didn't talk like a native, and how on earth would he ever have got to that little town if he hadn't gone there with samples?"

"But," persisted the actress, still clinging to the intuition theory, "what about the peppin?" And then the Sherlock Holmes had to confess herself nonplussed.

"I don't know," she admitted, reluctantly. "It just came into my head."

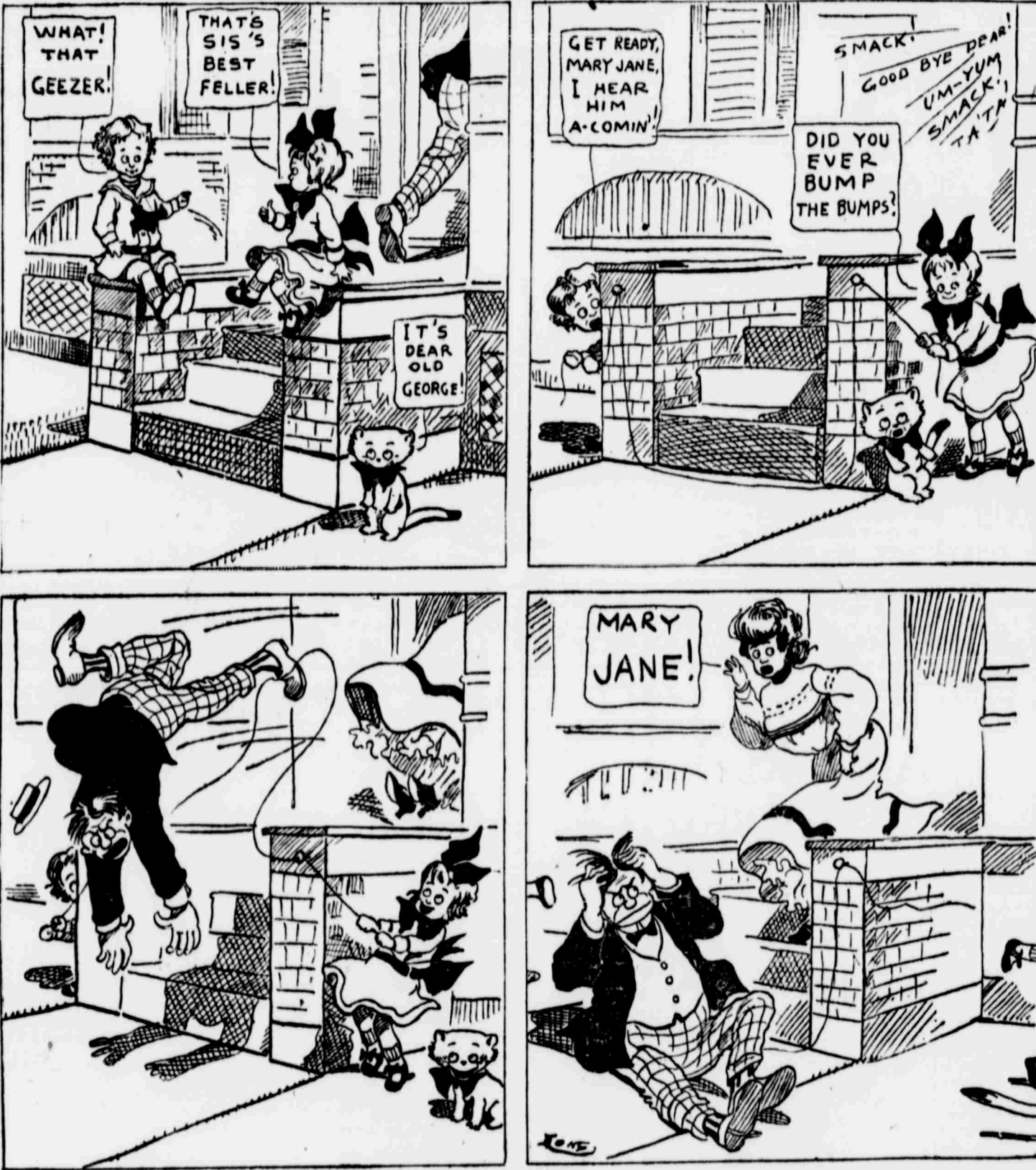
It is in dealing with unimportant trifles such as these that feminine intuition most often manifests itself. I have known women who would announce that there was some kind of a mystery between Mr. Blank and Miss So-and-so because of the expression of his back when talking to her, or some other equally inconsequent observation.

In great things intuition usually fails to work. For instance, in determining the all-important question as to whether or not the man you love is in love with you.

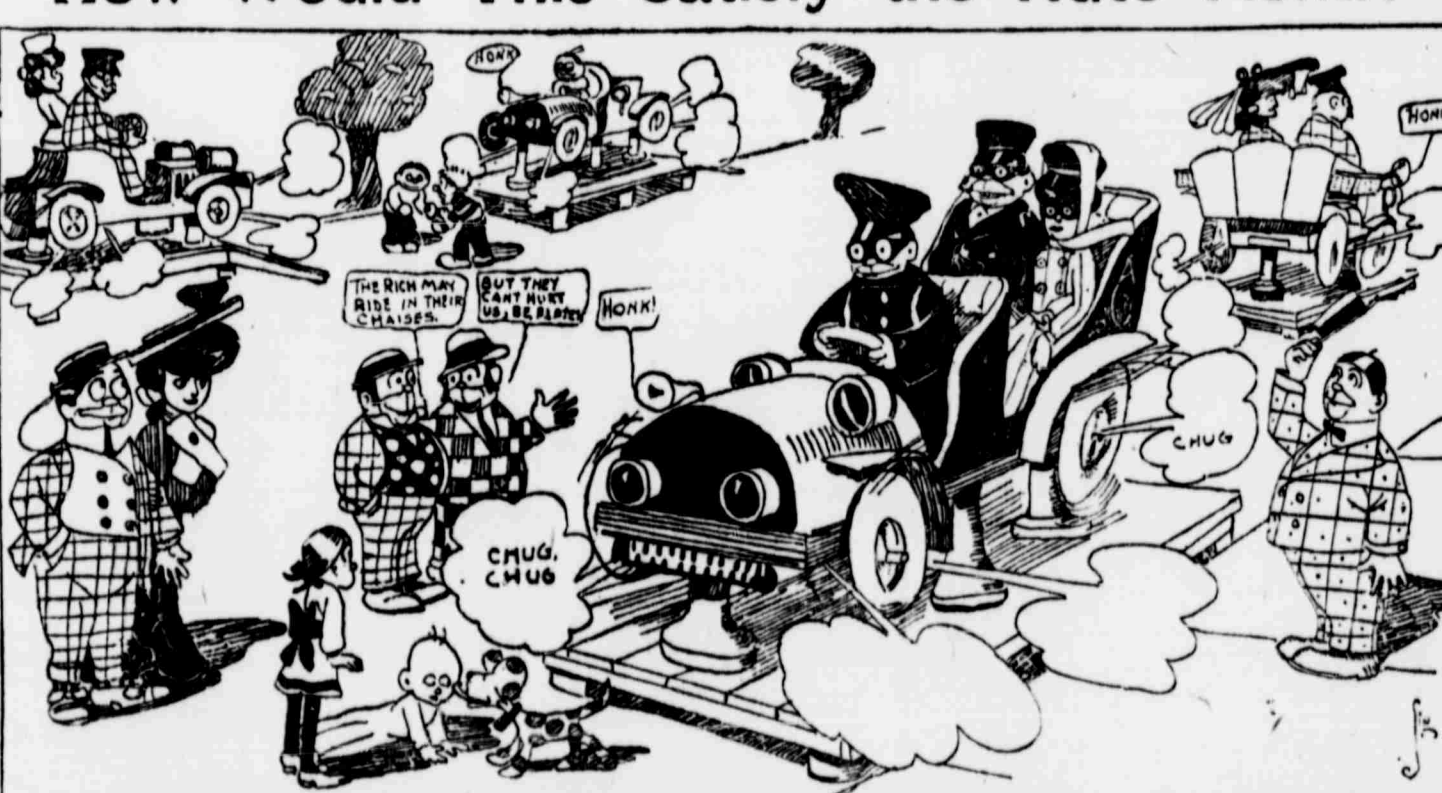
"She knew she was by him beloved," wrote Byron of the fair heroine of his Dream. But she only knew it because she didn't care a rap for him. If she had she would have trembled and feared and doubted in the presence of his most earnest protestations of devotion. At least that is what the girl of to-day does. She knows when a man she doesn't care for loves her, of course. For that is one of the negligible trifles for which her perverse intuition persists in working overtime. But when she is in love herself the much vaunted gift vanishes into thin air and she brings about as much "feminine perception" to the solution of the problem as she would if it dealt with analytical geometry or the calculation of an eclipse. So after all, it serves her only when she needs it least.

Mary Jane and Kickums Up to New Mischief

They Lay a Trap for Sis's Best Fellow and Give His Love's-Young-Dream a Jar.



How Would This Satisfy the Auto Fiend?



By putting jackscrews under the autos their occupants could get an outing without embarrassment to street pedestrians.

THE WISDOM OF JAP SURGERY.

In the correspondence of the Sunday World yesterday, from the seat of war in the East, there was tribute to the work of Japanese surgeons on the fields of battle. It appears that there is a most gratifying percentage of recoveries among the wounded men of the Mikado's armies. And this fact is attributed largely to the Japanese practice of deferring operations.

The little brown man who falls at the front is not bothered by manipulations, and cuttings, and probes. No operation is performed upon the field unless imperatively demanded. His wound is antiseptically dressed, and the dressing remains until he is safely in hospital. Perhaps not even then is there an operation. The hospital arrangements in Tokio are admirable, and the patient recovers on good diet, sweet air and pleasant surroundings.

Certainly the Japanese are giving the world some remarkable examples of what to do in war when war there must be. Are they adding a gentle demonstration of the lesson of which may be carried into times of peace, of how important and helpful it may be for the world to know just how and when not to do much of anything?

DO NOT WAIT

For friends or relatives to put the boy who is not going to school into an easy berth—a desirable opening may be found for him through two or three lines in the World Want columns telling of his qualifications, and the result to the Want Department of The World. An example may solve the problem for some other boy or mother.

HE WAS IT. "And what seems to you," the reporter asked, "to be the object of most interest in this country?" "Well," replied the Foreign Notable, who was endeavoring to travel incognito, "I seem to be."—Philadelphia Press.

AN ADDED HORROR. "That's a horrible idea De Ritter has conceived." "What's that?" "He's talking of setting some of Browning's poems to Wagner's music."—Philadelphia Press.

BOIL 'EM! Little drops of water full of busy germs. Help the foxy doctor elevate his terms; for these little germs, humble though they be. May perchance despatch you to eternity. —Hannapolis Journal.

UNDISGUISED. Blobs—in spite of all the money Newrich spends on his clothes he can't disguise his piebald origin. Blobs—No, it's like putting a 50 cent on a thirty-cent dog.—Philadelphia Record.

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Mr. Belmont Must Not Forget that the Subway Belongs to the People.

"I SEE," said the Cigar-Store Man, "that Mr. Belmont still refuses to pay the motormen in the Subway \$3.50 a day."

"It's a lot of money," warned The Man Higher Up. "For \$3.50 you can blow yourself to a quart of real wine. What right has a workman to demand \$3.50 a day when all the boss wants to pay is \$3? Mr. Belmont puts up the plea that he could get motormen to work for \$2.50 a day, and there is no doubt he could, but he could get men to toll in his bank for half the money he pays his present employees. Nevertheless he wouldn't hire the cheap labor because he knows the cheap clerks and cashiers and accountants would fall down on the work."

"There is one point in this controversy that Mr. Belmont appears to be shy on. He has handed this thing right along as though the Subway were his own road. He is in the wrong there. It belongs to the people of New York. You and I have a slice of it—a punk little slice, but a slice at that, because we put up our share of the cash that the city has paid Mr. Belmont and his associates for building the rapid transit tunnel."

"Until the road finally passes into complete possession of the people of this town Mr. Belmont will be compelled to pay a certain percentage of the receipts to the city. That gives the people a partnership interest, even if they don't get the whole works. The people ought to have something to say about what their employees should draw down for labor."

"This municipality pays its employees the highest wages of any city in the world. We have a civil service that soldiers a man into a job for his natural life and the hours of labor in the public service are shorter than they are in any private business. It looks as though, inasmuch as the Subway is ours, under cover, and we will have an interest in it until we get a clear title, that the taxpayers of New York wouldn't balk on paying the Subway motormen as much in proportion to the importance of their jobs as we pay our street sweepers and our fat clerks, whose main effort in life is confined to keeping the office chairs from blowing out the windows."

"A man has as much right," asserted the Cigar-Store Man, "to buy cheap labor as he has to buy cheap eggs."

"Sure," agreed The Man Higher Up, "and in each instance he gets the same result."

An Odd Revenge.

To avenge his defeat in the municipal elections for the Provincial Council at Tra los Montes the Marquis de Xanor cornered the entire stock of butchers and poultrymen of the town. The inhabitants had to subsist without meat for a week.

A Song of Love.

O you not feel the white glow on your breast, my bird? That is the flame of love I send to you from afar; Not a wasted kiss, hardly a whispered word, But love itself that flies as a white-winged star.

Let it dwell there, let it rest there, at home in your heart; Waited on wings of gold, it is Love itself, the Dove. Not the god whose arrows wounded with bitter smart, Nor the purple-beryl birds of death and love.

Do not ask for the hands of love or love's soft eyes; They give less than love who give all, giving what wanes. I give you the star-fire, the heart-way to Paradise, With no death after, no arrow with stinging pains.

—A. E., in the Living Age.

All for the Girl's Sake.



Percy Stout-Gracious! What are you doing with those nasty oil cans? Freddy Blunder—Just a little idea of mine for keeping on the good side of Mr. Groucher. I bring my own lighting material and save him gas.